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DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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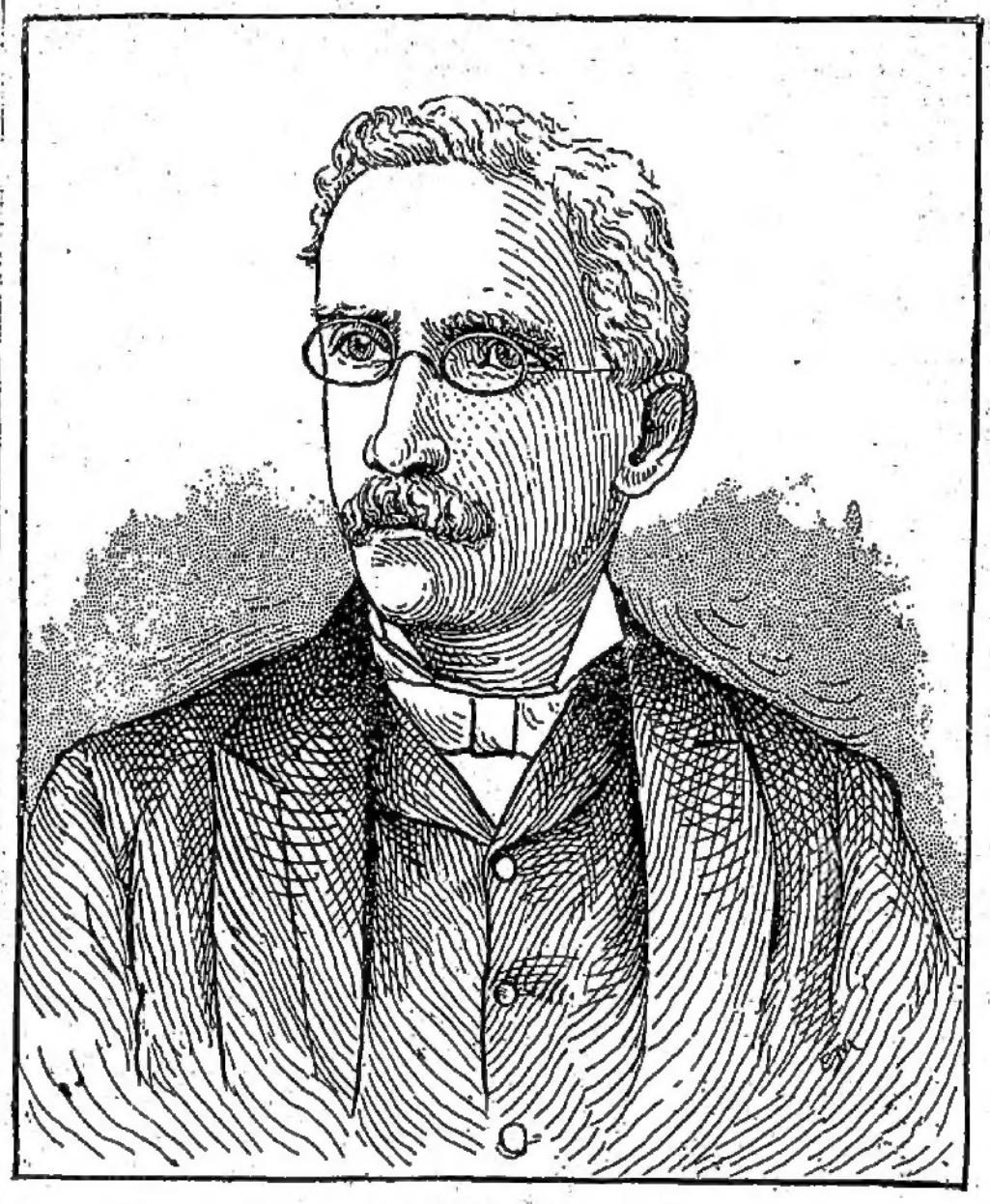


DR. JAMES STALKER.

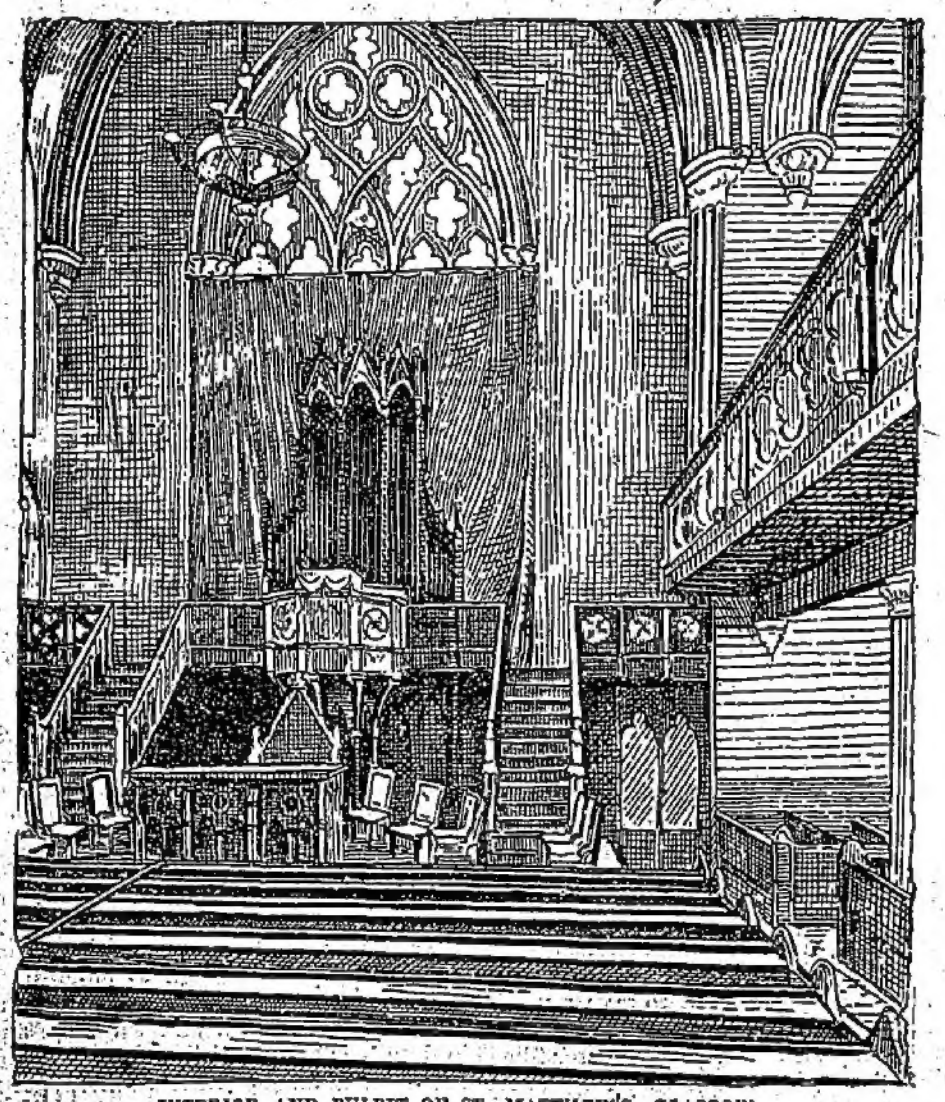
DR. STALKER AT HOME.

The mantles which fell from the shoulders of the men who pioneered the Free Church of Scotland through its early struggles, have found a fit resting-place on the shoulders of their successors in the ministry. Chalmers and Guthrie and Candlish have passed into the land of the hereafter, but the work which they began has been carried on by able and zealous men, and the Church which they founded has increased in power and usefulness as the years have rolled on. The ministry of the Free Church of to-day includes divines of the very highest eminence. Among the foremost of these is the Rev. James Stalker, D.D. He is the representative minister of his church in Glasgow, as Dr. Whyte is in Edinburgh, and strangers visit St. Matthew's as they do St. George's. Dr. Stalker is an eloquent preacher, but his fame is not that of the pulpit only. He is a theological writer of world-wide repute, a popular lecturer, an effective platform speaker, and an energetic worker in schemes for the moral and social elevation of his humbler fellow-citizens. Dr. Stalker is a man of wide sympathies, enthusiastic but not impulsive, pondering well a course of action or a line of thought before he adopts it. His manner, as becomes a typical Scotchman, is undemonstrative, but the warmth of his heart is none the less genuine, and the kindliest of natures is hidden beneath a calm exterior. Like most men gifted with distinguished mental endowment, he is exceedingly modest. He speaks freely of his Church and of her work, but with diffidence of himself and his own doing. His stature is small, but no one can look into his thoughtful eyes, or listen to the well-weighed words that fall from his lips, without being impressed by the capacity of the unseen mind. His black hair is tinged with grey, the result of hard mental work. It is not the silvering of age, for Dr. Stalker is still in the full vigor of manhood. Born in the year 1848 in the town of Crieff, whose salubrious situation on the hill slopes of Perthshire evoked the admiration of William Cullen Bryant, young Stalker went south in due time to begin his college career in Edinburgh. After qualifying for his M.A. degree at the ancient University, he had the privilege of studying under Dorner at Berlin, and under Tholuck at Halle, and when he finished his curriculum at the New College of Edinburgh in 1874, he had secured the Cunningham Fellowship, which is given to the student who stands first in the exit examination at leaving the Divinity Hall of the Free Church. Soon afterwards he was ordained to his first charge, in 'the lang toun o' Kirkca'dy,' on the opposite shore of the Firth o' Forth. During his ministry there St. Brycedale church was erected by his flock at the cost of £20,000, and when he was translated to Glasgow in 1887, he left behind him a congregation of over eight hundred and fifty members. During his six years' ministry in St. Matthew's church, the membership has grown rapidly, until now there are well-nigh one thousand one hundred communicants enrolled.

It was the evening after the Great Jubilee Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland had come to a close that the writer visited Dr. Stalker. Standing on the threshold of his dwelling in the west end of Glasgow, the outlook presents a pleasant aspect of city life. The garden in front is separated but by a strip of roadway from Kelvingrove Park, whose winding paths by the riverside recall one of the sweetest of Scottish lovesongs, and whose heights are crowned by the stately pile of the University; while on the rising ground, overlooking Dr. Stalker's house, is the square tower of the Free Church College, a familiar landmark for miles around. Seated in the Doctor's study, the eye of the visitor notes, as the most conspicuous object there, a portrait on an easel. It is that of the Rev. Mr. Barbour of Bonskeid, by whose death, two years ago, the Free Church lost one of her most brilliant young ministers, and whom Dr. Stalker mourns as a dear friend. Over the fireplace there are other portraits. Prominent among them is that of the Rev. Dr. Wilson of the Barclay Church, Edinburgh, to whom Dr. Stalker, in his early days, acted as assistant. In the brief interval of waiting, the visitor takes a glance along the well-stocked book-shelves, and notices copies of Dr. Stalker's own works. Their names are familiar to readers in many lands: the 'Life of Christ' (1879), 'The New Song' (1883), the 'Life of St. Paul' (1884), 'Imago Christi' (1889), 'The Preacher and his Models' (1891), and 'The Four Men' (1892). The sight of translations of the best known of these books in such diverse languages as German, Norwegian, Spanish, Bulgarian, Chinese, and Japanese, gives some idea of their widespread circulation.

Fresh from the great annual May meeting of his Church in Edinburgh, his heart overflowing with pleasant memories of all that had been said and done there, it was natural that, when Dr. Stalker seated himself in his study chair and entered into conversation, that topic should be uppermost in the mind.

'The attendances,' he said, 'were unusually large throughout the sittings, and the enthusiastic response to the proposal to celebrate the Jubilee of the Disruption testified to the firm hold which the principles of fifty years ago still have on the minds of the people. The deputies' speeches showed that the most kindly feelings exist on the part of the other Churches towards the Free Church. Specially notable were the addresses of Dr. MacLaren and Prin-



INTERIOR AND PULPIT OF ST. MATTHEW'S, GLASGOW.

cipal Fairbairn, who emphasized the debt which the sister Churches owed to the Free Church for the works which its scholars had produced. The reports which were submitted showed that the Free Church had made remarkable progress during the half century of its existence, and the Jubilee celebrations throughout the country have given the most hopeful indications for the future. There was much talk at the Assembly, both in public and in private, about the programme for the next fifty years. Among the younger men, especially, a strong feeling existed that a great deal of attention should be given to social questions with a view to lifting up the degraded masses. In the very forefront of these questions at the present time is temperance.'

'I suppose the majority of Free Church ministers are total abstainers?

'Yes. There are between seven hundred and eight hundred ministers in the denomination who are personal abstainers, and ninety-two percent of the students in the divinity halls are also abstainers. The younger ministers are almost to a man unanimous in their support of the temperance cause, and in favor of imperial and municipal authorities using their legislative and administrative powers to clear away the temptations of the people. Probationers working as missionaries in the large towns always become enthusiastic on this question, because they find that no progress can be made with the poorer classes until you get them to abstain from drink. Behind the problem of drunkenness other questions are rising into view, such as the extreme poverty, the too prolonged working day, and the insanitary homes of the masses. But it is far easier to discern what is wrong in these respects than to suggest an effective remedy. Much wisdom and many experiments will be required in dealing with these abuses.'

Talking about Glasgow, Dr. Stalker, who is one of the leading members of the Association for Improving the Condition of the People, said that he was struck by the size and airiness of the rooms in the houses of the city as compared with those in smaller towns. During his visit to the United States two years ago he heard Glasgow praised on every hand as a model city. His own investigations gave him the impression that there were not very large numbers of the citizens who might not be tolerably comfortable, were it not for drink.

'Do you think it is the duty of the Church to provide amusements for the people?' asked the interviewer.

'That is a difficult question,' replied Dr. Stalker. 'At least it is difficult to say whether the Church should act directly in the matter. I have no doubt at all that it should direct attention to it. One of the leading ministers in Edinburgh has suggested that rooms might be provided which would take the place of the public-houses, and in which men might meet one another, and spend the evening comfortably, reading the newspapers and having a game at draughts or the like. A similar idea has long been in my mind in connection with my own church. I should like a room provided in the church buildings, carpeted, and with comfortable seats, where the young men might meet each other, especially those that have just come to the city, and have not had time to make acquaintances, or to join classes. I am glad to find that in Glasgow a very large proportion of the young men attend classes in the evenings.'

'Is the influence of religion on the decline?'

'I do not think so. A great deal has been said and written recently about the attitude of working men towards religion, and it has been taken for granted that they are deserting the Church, and that they are hostile to it. But I do not think that the facts support that opinion. We have a great many congregations in Glasgow made up of working people, where the office-bearers and Christian workers belong almost exclusively to that class, and many of these are the largest, heartiest, and most efficient congregations in the city. My decided impression is that church attendance, in proportion to the population, has increased greatly during the present century. Old people are apt to take a pessimistic view of the situation, and to say that the churches were much better filled in their young days. But they forgot that at that time churches were few in number. So far as the Free Church in Glasgow is concerned, it has been growing steadily, alike as regards attendance and membership, during the past few years, and I am greatly impressed with the immense volume of real, hearty, earnest religion in Glasgow.

'What is your view as to the question of ministers interfering in politics?'

'Well, my view is that ministers in their places as citizens should take as active a part in politics as any other men. It should be no more a reason why a man should not take part in politics that he is a minister than he is a tradesman. We are often told that we require to be more human and to know the world better than we do; but how can this be if we are excluded from public life? I do not, however, at all approve of introducing politics into the pulpit in such a way as to make people uncomfortable in church whatever political party they may belong to, and I have never done so. Nor do I think that politics should be introduced into Church courts, except when it is very clear that they have a direct bearing on the interests of religion. But it is difficult to lay down any stringent rule on the matter.'

I next spoke of Dr. Stalker's visit to America two years ago, as the Lyman Beecher lecturer on 'Preaching,' at Yale University.

'It was a great advantage to me,' he said, 'to have gone there in a public capacity, because this was the means of introducing me to all kinds of people, from whom I was able to learn and through whom I gained access to any place that I wanted to see. I visited many colleges and was much struck with the liberality of the men of wealth in that country in founding seats of learning and in endowing chairs. There is a strong religious influence in the American Universities; decidedly stronger than in those on this side of the Atlantic. Another thing that is very striking is the number of ladies' colleges. In this country we have two or three, but in America there were as many as 10,000 lady students regularly receiving the higher education. The result is that ladies are making their way into all the higher kinds of occupation; far more so than here. In the Methodist body, which is the largest of all there, women take a prominent part; at prayer meetings, for instance, it is quite common to throw the meeting open and invite women to lead the prayer if they feel inclined.'

'Is there much difference in the church service?'

'The most striking difference is the prominence given to choir singing, or rather to quartette singing. In the most fashionable churches the congregations only join in the first and the last hymns. All the intermediate praise is sung by the quartette. I found the ministers everywhere groaning under this. These singers are highly paid and have a will of their own, often leaving the minister little choice even of the pieces that are to be sung in the course of the service. Personally I believe in the congregation joining in the praise as much as possible. The departure from that system may seem an improvement at the beginning, but it often goes to an extreme that is hurtful. The choir, or whatever other help there may be, should only be used to bring the congregational singing up to a thorough state of efficiency.'

It has become the recognized custom to ask an eminent man who are his favorite authors, and the interviewer of Dr. Stalker could not, therefore, omit the question. The answer, as might be expected from such a scholar, was alike interesting and instructive.

'My chief reading,' said the Rev. Doctor, 'is, of course, theological. I have learned willingly from the Puritans, though I have always liked to mix with them the nobly expressed thoughts of such Royalists as Fuller and Jeremy Taylor. My special studies have for many years led me particularly to keep up with all that is written on the life and teaching of Christ. In my profession at present, those who have any pretensions to scholarship get the best of their working tools from Germany. As for general literature, I have lectured on George Eliot, Burns, Shakespeare, and Tennyson, and this may be enough to indicate my preferences. When I was a student we all knew Carlyle through and through; and, in desultory hours, I fall back on him more readily than on any other author, except, perhaps, Thackeray, whom I regard as the greatest master of English prose we have ever had.'

'I see you have Browning's portrait in a conspicuous place on the mantelpiece!'

'Browning! Yes. I owe to him many an idea and illustration.'

'Do you read many novels besides those of Thackeray?'

'Well, I have neither time nor taste for many novels, but I make an exception in the case of Bret Harte and one or two others.'

'What kind of theological literature is most read in the present day?'

'The great drift in theology at present is undoubtedly towards the mastery of the Bible as literature. Much of the Continental criticism is inspired by the opposite of the spirit of faith, and I do not think that our native scholars assume a sufficiently defensive attitude towards it. Yet their own spirit is devout, and, almost without exception, they are strong believers in the supernatural; and there is no doubt that God has a great message to deliver to our age through criticism. The most gratifying thing of all is, however, the growth of popular interest in the reading of the Bible. Helps to such study sell literally by the million. This keen application of the general mind to the understanding of Scripture is an omen of the happiest kind, for, if people continue to read the Bible, it will vindicate itself. Books, like Dr. Wright's 'Introduction of the Old Testament,' and Dr. Marcus Dods' 'Introduction of the New Testament,' or a volume just published, by various authors, entitled 'Book by Book,' are of inestimable value to the general reader who desires to master the contents of the Bible.'—*Sunday Magazine.*

FORWARD.

Let the motto of teachers and scholars be—Forward! Keep the eye fixed upon nobler, worthier and higher accomplishments. Strive after better teaching and better living. Seek to be more Christ-like, and more kind, loving and helpful. Illustrate in the school-room, as in the home and in society, the principles of the Bible, and show that the truth studied Sabbath after Sabbath is taking practical effect.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 5, 1893.

THE RESURRECTION.—1 Cor. 15: 12-26.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 20-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'—1 Cor. 15: 57.

HOME READINGS.

M. Mark 16: 1-20.—The Resurrection of Christ.
T. 1 Cor. 15: 1-11.—Christ Died and Rose Again.
W. 1 Cor. 15: 12-26.—The Resurrection.
Th. 1 Cor. 15: 27-34.—All Things under his Feet.
F. 1 Cor. 15: 35-58.—Death Swallowed up in Victory.
S. John 5: 19-29.—The Dead shall Hear his Voice.
S. Phil. 3: 1-21.—The Power of his Resurrection.

LESSON PLAN.

I. If Christ be not Risen. vs. 12-19.
II. Now is Christ Risen. vs. 20, 21.
III. In Christ we shall Rise. vs. 22-26.

TIME.—Early in A. D. 57; Claudius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Felix governor of Judea; Herod Agrippa II. king of Chalcis and Trachonitis.

PLACE.—Written from Ephesus, near the close of Paul's residence in that city (1 Cor. 16: 8).

HELPS IN STUDYING.

12. *How say some among you*—if they proved anything, they proved what no Christian could admit, viz., that Christ did not rise from the dead. 14. *Vain*—useless, because not true. *Your faith is also vain*—it cannot save you. 15. *False witnesses*—guilty of deliberate falsehood. 19. *Most miserable*—because we have exposed ourselves to all hardship and suffering to no purpose. 20. *Now is Christ risen*—a triumphant assertion of the fact, the proof of which he has already given (vs. 3-11.) *First-fruits*—as the first sheaf of the harvest, presented to God as a thank-offering (Lev. 23: 10), was a pledge and assurance of the ingathering of the whole harvest, so the resurrection of Christ is a pledge and proof of the resurrection of his people. 21. *By man*—By Adam. *By man* by Jesus Christ. 22. *In Adam all die*—all having become sinners through him (Rom. 5: 12, 17-19). *In Christ shall all be made alive*—he shall raise to life all the human family (John 5: 28, 29); but here the apostle has specially in view the resurrection of the righteous, and the meaning is, As in Adam all die, so in Christ all shall be made partakers of a glorious and everlasting life. 24. *The end*—the end of the world. *The kingdom*—the Mediatorial kingdom. *Put down all rule*—conquered all enemies. 26. *Death*—death shall reign until the resurrection. Then death shall be swallowed up in victory. 2 Tim. 1: 10; Rev. 20: 14.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the great subject of this chapter? Give an outline of it. Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses.

I. IF CHRIST BE NOT RISEN. vs. 12-19.—What proofs had the apostle given in the preceding verses that Christ rose from the dead? vs. 5-11. What did some among the Corinthians preach? What did their denial involve? What if Christ be not raised? Why is our hope vain? What has become of those who are fallen asleep in Christ? Meaning of verse 19?

II. NOW IS CHRIST RISEN. vs. 20, 21.—What triumphant declaration does the apostle make in verse 20? Meaning of *first-fruits of them that slept*? Of *by man came death*? Of *by man came also the resurrection from the dead*?

III. IN CHRIST WE SHALL RISE. vs. 22-26.—What do you understand by verse 22? What benefits do believers receive from Christ at death? At the resurrection? In what order is the resurrection? What will then come? Meaning of *the end*? Meaning of *when he shall have delivered up the kingdom of God*? Until what time must Christ hold his Mediatorial kingdom? Which is the last enemy that shall be destroyed? Meaning of verse 26?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Life and immortality are brought to light in the gospel.
2. Christ by his own resurrection has secured a glorious resurrection for all who believe in him.
3. Those who die in the Lord shall live for ever with him.
4. The bodies of believers shall be rescued from the destroyer and made glorious and immortal.

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 12, 1893.

THE GRACE OF LIBERALITY.—2 Cor. 8: 1-12.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 7-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'He became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.'—2 Cor. 8: 9.

HOME READINGS.

M. 1 Cor. 16: 1-24.—The Collection for the Saints.
T. 2 Cor. 7: 1-16.—Paul's Confidence in the Corinthians.
W. 2 Cor. 8: 1-12.—The Grace of Liberality.
Th. 2 Cor. 8: 13-24.—Mutual Aid and Supply.
F. 2 Cor. 9: 1-15.—A Cheerful Giver.
S. Psalm 112: 1-10.—A Good Man Sheweth Favor
S. Prov. 11: 24-31.—Liberality Rewarded.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Giving out of Poverty. vs. 1-6.
II. Giving Abundantly. vs. 7, 8.
III. Giving as Christ Gave. vs. 9-12.

TIME.—Autumn, A.D. 57, a few months after the first epistle; Nero emperor of Rome; Felix governor of Judea; Herod Agrippa II. king of Chalcis.

PLACE.—Written from a city of Macedonia, probably Philippi.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Do you to wit*—Revised Version, 'make known to you.' *The grace of God*—as manifested in the liberality of the Macedonian churches. 2. *Abounded*—though persecuted and poor, they had contributed largely for the benefit of others. Compare Mark 12: 43, 44; Luke 21: 3, 4. 3. *Of themselves*—of their own accord, beyond their ability, and with many prayers they gave not their gifts only as a contribution to the saints, but themselves to the Lord and to us. 5. *Not as we hoped*—they went beyond our hopes. 7. *In this grace*—of liberal giving. 8. *Not by commandment*—what he spoke was not in the way of command or dictation. It was not obedience, but spontaneous, willing liberality he desired. 9. *Rich*—in all the glories of the Godhead in heaven. *Poor*—he so far laid aside the glory of his divine majesty that he was to all appearances a man, and even a servant, so that men refused to recognize him as God, but despised, persecuted, and at last crucified him as a man. *Ye....might be rich*—in the perfect bliss and holiness of heaven. 10. *I give advice*—the meaning is, 'I advise you to make the collection, for this giving to the poor is profitable to you.' 11. *Perform the doing*—Revised Version, 'complete the doing.' 12. *A willing mind*—a readiness to give. Compare ch. 9: 7. God loveth a cheerful giver.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. GIVING OUT OF POVERTY. vs. 1-6.—Of what did Paul inform the Corinthians? What was the condition of the Macedonian Christians? How had they given out of their poverty? What gift had they first made? What had Paul desired Titus to do at Corinth?

II. GIVING ABUNDANTLY. vs. 7, 8.—What did Paul exhort the Corinthians to do? In what graces had they abounded? Meaning of *abound in this grace also*? What led Paul to give this advice? See ch. 9: 2-5.

III. GIVING AS CHRIST GAVE. vs. 9-12.—By what example did Paul enforce his counsel? How had Christ given? How did he for our sakes become poor? How are we made rich by his poverty? What further advice did Paul give the Corinthians? In what measure should we give? With what spirit? What will render even the smallest gift acceptable?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should be kind to all in distress.
2. We should show our kindness of feeling by kindness of acts in supplying their wants.
3. We should be cheerful, prompt and liberal in our giving.
4. Liberality in giving blesses the giver as well as the receiver.
5. We should give ourselves, our all to Him who loved us and gave himself for us.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did Paul want the Corinthian church to do? Ans. He wanted them to give liberally for the poor Christians in Judea.
2. Whom did he first set before them as an example of liberty? Ans. The churches of Macedonia, which out of their poverty had abounded in the grace of liberality.
3. What did he exhort them to do? Ans. As ye abound in everything, see that ye abound in this grace also.
4. By what great example did he enforce his advice? Ans. For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.
5. What will render the smallest gift acceptable to God? Ans. A willing mind; for God loves a cheerful giver.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A SALUBRIOUS HOUSE SITE?

Since the recent outbreak of completed elevations and ground-plans for rural homes has taken its way through the advertising columns of the leading newspapers and magazines, and especially as they are accompanied by most enticing estimates of low cost, the irrepressible longing of every man to have a separate and inviolable home that he can call his own is finding its response in houses situated in all the suburbs of our large cities, and on the principal streets of our small ones, which, whether they fulfill all the expectations of their owners or not, certainly afford many husbands and wives a charming season of *mutual study and architectural planning*; for there are few more fascinating occupations for man or woman than house-building, and especially is it a delight to the latter. She heroically resolves that whatever inconveniences and discomforts she has endured in her contracted hired 'apartment' shall now be abated; but one could wager fifty to one without fear of loss, that, in a majority of cases, she has not thought at all of the most important circumstance in connection with the new structure, the circumstances on which its value as a safe, healthful and enjoyable home for herself and her family depends.

If the lot which her husband has bought looks 'pretty,' and if the outlook from it on either side is charming, and if the neighbors seem to be agreeable, she looks no deeper and gives no thought to the nature of the soil, which has everything to do with the quality of the air that is to fill and surround the new habitation. The drier the air that is perpetually inhaled by a family, the stronger and more vigorous —other things being equal—will that family be. It is beginning to be very well understood by medical men that constantly living in a damp atmosphere works some obscure and subtle defect in the system, through which it is especially liable to yield to disease. Many extant treatises dwell upon the relation of soil-moisture to consumption; and though we know it now as a germ disease, we also know that thousands of persons, through their sound constitutions can and do withstand its onset; but alas for the person who has spent his days, and especially his nights, surrounded by an invisible moist envelop that has silently stolen his power of resistance.

The best soil, in a sanitary point of view, is a sandy or gravelly one, the worst, a soil that is underlaid by a stratum of hard-pan, through which the moisture cannot percolate downward, but is kept, mingled with the damp earth, just where it fell from the skies, or where it has been brought by draining higher adjacent land 'Retentivo' is the adjective generally given to such ground, and one can easily try an experiment that will closely imitate its behavior. Take a porous flower-pot of the ordinary red clay that will hold one quart, and place beside it a glazed earthen bowl that will hold just as much; put into each an exactly similar quantity of dried garden-earth, and then pour in as much water as you can and not leave a 'pond' on the top. The first surprise is, to see how much water it requires to saturate the earth, demonstrating how much air-space there is in what we are accustomed to call the 'solid earth.' Soon the two receptacles present a very different appearance. Gradually the water that went into the porous pot vanishes; no one sees it go; but in a few days the earth is as dry as when the water was poured in, and one can lay a bit of paper on the top, and there it will remain unharmed and unchanged; but in the glazed bowl the earth will be found at this time a tenacious mud, and if a bit of delicate paper is laid on it, it will soon imbibe enough of the moisture to blister and warp it; and if you place the two vessels in a warm sunlight you will see no moisture rising from the porous pot, but a cloud of it goes up from the other. The moisture escaped from the pot through its pores, and by evaporation; but it couldn't get away through the glazed bowl, and only surface evaporation took any of it off. Exactly analogous actions take place in bodies of earth that are measured by the acre or the mile square. If a house is built on soil that 'retains' all the moisture that comes to it, of course it stands in the midst of a cloud of evaporating water, which under a brilliant noonday sun may be imperceptible, and not till the cool evening comes on does this moisture condense into a heavy dew; but it still enwraps the house and must be breathed by the inhabitants whether in its light, least harmless, noonday, most vaporized *form, or at night*, when condensed; and if the house happens to be on land infected with the bacillus of malaria, most likely the inmates will inhale those misery-breeding creatures.

There may be circumstances that will forbid the choice of a dry soil as a house-site; but here there is a cheap remedy that can be applied, and the more easily and completely if all the people in a given section will co-operate to dry out the ground. Modern intelligence has discovered methods of underdraining that are just as efficient in conveying away superfluous water from large tracts of land, as the pores of clay pot were in abstracting it from one quart of desiccated earth; and in applying this intelligence to drainage we are only returning to the wisdom of the men who by thorough underdraining made the Pontine Marshes —a pestilential stretch of the Campagna di Roma, eight miles in breadth and thirty miles in length, into a habitable region; and so rich was the soil that it attracted a large rural population. When the country was distracted by civil wars the drainage works were neglected, the Marshes again became a pestilential spot, which for hundreds of years has killed many an ignorant man who has attempted to work upon it; but its history could not be forgotten, and in the new day of science in which it is our happiness to live, the Italian Government has begun measures for again restoring it to usefulness, and has, better still, afforded substantial support to Italian investigators, who, from the very earth of Campana, have demonstrated the bacillis of malaria, and also the adaptation of quinine to its destruction.

It is easily seen, when we remember that miasmatic exhalations are attenuated and dispersed by the noonday sun and condensed into a thickly peopled layer at morning and evening, hovering above the ground for a greater or lesser altitude, how wise the old Italians were who perched their houses on high and dry knolls, and went forth—not at all in the 'early to rise' hour, but at one usually supposed to mark a sluggard—to labor in the fertile but miasmatic valleys, and returning before the 'bad hour,' as they call sunset, escaped an attack of fever and ague, and were able to work a few hours every day, instead of making one long one, and spending a number of subsequent ones quaking in ague chills. It is easy to see why it is better to sleep on the second floor than the first anywhere, but above all if one lives in a damp region. Perhaps the intending house builder groans in spirit at the prospect of having to pay out money for draining a house-site which has cost all that he dares abstract from his bank-account for it; but he must remember that of all 'permanent improvements' none can be so valuable as the one that will change a menace to the health of him and his into a salubrious spot, and that one attack of quartan, tertian, intermittent, remittent, paludal or malarial fever, or any synonym for fever and ague, will cost more, in time lost, doctor's bills, drugs and nursing—not to name the heavy price in suffering and in the undermining of the constitution—than the material and labor for the draining of a large tract. Col. Geo. B. Waring wrote a book twenty years ago giving minute directions for this work, with estimate of cost, surprisingly little; and in the Massachusetts Board of Health Reports for 1872, Mr. French, then of Concord, Mass., gave minute directions, with cost, of 'curing' a wet cellar if you have been obliged to inhabit an improperly built house with a wet cellar. But a woman can easily learn how to select or prepare the spot where her home is to be planted; it is no more unfeminine to inform one's self as to the *quality of soil* where the cellar is to be dug than to study the proper composition of the geranium bed, only in the one are to be reared the brief, bright blossoms of the passing year, and in the other are to live one's children; while to grow up over dry soil and to have dry air to breathe will make all the difference between robust, joyous health and wearisome invalidism for the young persons concerned; for it is true that these malign influences that come from a damp soil are less mischievous in flames already built up and knit.

The woman who studies the matter up enough to understand where her house should be placed, will at the same time learn the proper methods of construction for a good cellar, so that an exhortation on this point would certainly be a work of supererogation.—*The Independent.*

APPLE DAINTIES.

A favorite breakfast dish in many families is fried apples. Wipe the apples and cut in rounds, removing the cores. Put them in a frying-pan in which slices of salt pork have been fried. Let the apples brown on one side before turning, and keep as whole as possible. Serve on a platter, with the slices of pork placed in the centre. A tough apple is best for frying. If very sour, sprinkle a little sugar over the apples when on the platter.

A very nice dessert, and one that can be made early in the morning, or even the day before it is to be used, is an apple custard. It is so simple and delicate that an invalid may enjoy it. Stir together in a pan half a cupful of sugar, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and one tablespoonful of corn starch that has been mixed smooth in a little cold water, pour over this mixture two cupfuls of boiling water, add the yolks of two eggs beaten light, and cook until thick. Remove from the range, and add three tablespoonfuls of stewed apples, mixing thoroughly through the custard; turn into a baking dish. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, add one spoonful of the stewed apples, and heap on top of the custard. Put in the oven until a light brown.

Among the pleasant memories of the past is one of a children's tea. It is easy to recall how beautiful the table looked, with its pretty china, glass, and silver; but the crowning glory in the eyes of the children gathered there was a large glass dish heaped high *with apple snow*. This is a pretty dish for any table, and requires little time or skill to prepare. Boil twelve tart apples in water until tender, scrape out the pulp, and beat until very light; add granulated sugar until pleasantly sweet. Beat the whites of ten eggs to a stiff froth, add the apples gradually, beat until well mixed and very light, and place in a glass dish.

Steamed apple dumplings when rightly made are delicious. The following recipe has been used many years without a failure: The proportions given will make half a dozen dumplings. A medium-sized apple should be selected. For the crust take one pint of flour, through which two tablespoonfuls of baking-powder have been thoroughly mixed, a tablespoonful of butter, and water enough to make a soft dough barely stiff enough to roll out; divide the dough into six equal parts, and roll each part large enough to enclose an apple, which has been peeled and had the core removed. Have ready a steamer in which a cloth well floured has been placed, put the dumplings in so they do not touch each other, fold the cloth over them, put on the steamer lid, and do not take it off again until the dumplings are done, which will be in an hour. The water under the steamer must not be allowed to stop boiling. A very nice sauce to serve with these dumplings is made of a cup of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, the white of one egg, and two spoonfuls of cream beaten together until very light.

In a certain French settlement in the West the housewife would consider her weekly baking incomplete without an apple cake. This dainty is so toothsome that it should be more generally known. If the bread is baked at home it is easily made. Put aside one pound or a cup and a half of dough when the bread is being made into loaves. Into this dough work one tablespoonful of butter, one of sugar, and a cupful of chopped apples, shape into a flat cake about an inch thick, put in a pan to rise; when light, bake in a moderate oven. It should be nicely browned when done. It is sent to the table warm, broken, never cut, into small pieces.

Sweet apples make a delicious preserve, and one that, with the addition of a pitcher of cream and a plate of sponge cake, will serve as a dessert for any except a formal dinner. The best results are obtained by making a small quantity of these preserves at one time and in the following manner: put a pint of water and a quarter of a pound of sugar into a saucepan; let it boil ten minutes; put in as many apples, peeled cored, and quartered, as the syrup will cover when it boils up. Simmer until tender. The apples will be transparent, and look very nice if taken up carefully.

Apple water is a very refreshing drink for the sick, and is made in two ways, either of which is good:

Apple water No. 1.—Peel, quarter, and core one pound of apples. Boil for half an hour in a quart of water; strain, add the juice of one lemon, sweeten to taste.

Apple water No. 2.—Roast thoroughly two or three apples; put them in a pitcher; turn on a pint of boiling water, and add a little sugar.—*Margaret Ryder, in Harper's Bazar.*

OPEN THE WINDOWS.

To close up one's house in vault-like gloom, lest one's carpets and draperies shall fade, is the greatest folly. Carpets will not suffer from light if their colors are fast, or, at least, if they fade equally all over, they will be as pretty in the late state as in the first. Probably prettier, because less crude and glaring than as they left the loom. The carpet on which the sun's rays fall will be what every carpet should be, the background or the *setting for the furniture not too good for* daily use. A shut-up parlor is less often seen in these than in former days. We have learned the wisdom of living all over our homes, and we have discovered that the smallest child soon learns not to touch or molest articles which are merely to be looked at, while he plays happily in the beautiful room where his elders chat and his mother receives her friends.

SORROW'S OFFER.

BY PATTERSON DU BOIS.

To him who murmurs that his days are sad
Go whisper that in sadness there is sweetness
For one who hath been altogether glad
Is but half-made,—his poor life lacks completeness.

Sorrow hath value all its own for thee;
Make loss possession,—giving is receiving.
Alas for him who is too blind to see
That there is something more in grief than grieving!

AN AUTUMN BREAKFAST.

Young housekeepers are apt to be perplexed at times as to the ordering of the meals, writes Juliet Corson in a helpful article on 'The Routine of the Household' in the October *Ladies' Home Journal*. It is for them, and for other housekeepers as well, that the following receipts are given.

The breakfast may include:

Mackerel with *Maitre d'hotel* Butter
Potatoes stewed with Cream
Hot Egg Bannock
French Breakfast Coffee

While the fire is burning begin the preparations for breakfast by heating coffee, roasted in the bean, with just enough sweet butter to make it glossy—a piece as large as a coffee-bean is enough for each tablespoonful, four tablespoonfuls, as ordinarily ground, for each quart of water. After the coffee is put to heat make the bannock, and when that is in the oven grind the coffee; put it in the coffee-pot with a pint of cold water and let it gradually reach the boiling point; lift it from the fire for a moment to check the heat, and then replace it and let it just reach the boiling point several times. Meantime boil a pint of milk; the hot milk and the coffee are to be poured simultaneously into the cups.

The egg bannock is made by sifting together a cupful of flour, an even teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of white pepper, and a heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder; beat three eggs to a froth; stir them into the flour, and then stir in about a half pint of milk, enough to make a batter thick enough to support a drop let fall from the mixing-spoon; pour this batter into a buttered spider, cover it with a buttered tin cover or pie-plate, and bake it over a gentle fire, shaking the pan and adding a little butter if the bannock sticks; when it is light-brown on the bottom slip it off on the cover and return the uncooked side to the pan; when both sides are brown it will be ready.

After the bannock is put over the fire lay a large salt mackerel, skin up, in a pan of cold water over the fire; as often as the water heats replace it with cold, changing it until the fish is fresh enough; meantime squeeze the juice of a lemon and chop a tablespoonful of parsley fine, or soak some dried parsley, and mix them with a heaping tablespoonful of butter, and after the mackerel is drained-spread this butter over it and serve it on a hot dish. When the fish has been put on, peel and chop some cold boiled potatoes, put them over the fire with enough milk to cover them, salt, pepper and butter to taste, and heat them, stirring often, until the other dishes are ready.

GIVE CHRIST THE BEST.

BY MARY ESTHER ALLBRIGHT.

Give Christ the best! O young man, strong and eager,
And conscious of your own abounding life,
Ready to throw your soul's fresh, glowing powers
Into some noble cause, or lower strife,
Christ Jesus was a young man, strong and brave,
Give him your heart's allegiance, give to him
The best you have.

And you in whom the same young life is throbbing,
But with a steadier pulse and gentler flow,
Whose hearts were made for sacrifice and loving,
Whose souls' ideals grow with you as you grow,
O give to Christ your first most sacred love,
And of your heart's devotion give to him
The best you have.

Christ wants the best. He in the far-off ages
Once claimed the firstling of the flock, the finest of the wheat;
And still he asks his own, with gentle pleading
To lay their highest hopes and brightest talents at his feet,
He'll not forget the feeblest service, humblest love,
He only asks that of our store we give to him
The best we have.

Christ gives the best. He takes the hearts we offer
And fills them with his glorious beauty, joy, and peace,
And in his service, as we're growing stronger,
The calls to grand achievement still increase.
The richest gifts for us on earth, or in the heaven above,
Are hid in Christ. In Jesus we receive
The best we have.

And is our best too much? O friends, let us remember
How once our Lord poured out his soul for us,
And in the prime of his mysterious manhood
Gave up his precious life upon the cross.
The Lord of lords, by whom the worlds were made,
Through bitter grief and tears gave us
The best he had.

'A REARLING.'

BY ELIZA CHESTER ATWOOD.

Miss Peckham's procession was coming down the street, and Hester Main peeped through the shutters to see it go by. She had done this same thing a great many times before, but never with exactly the same feelings which she had at this moment.

It was a perfect October day, the air was full of a delicate purple mist, through which the distant hills glistened dimly, the little gnats and a few brown and yellow butterflies rejoiced in the late sunshine, and the clumps of yellow asters nodded their heads in its rays. The air was spicy with the sweetness of fruit orchards and cider mills, and the pungent fragrance and the bracing tang of the October air stirred the girls' blood, and made them feel more like dancing and running than marching steadily along in Miss Peckham's footsteps.

It would have been better policy on her part to bring up the rear herself, instead of taking the lead; but this had been the fashion of the school for years back, and she was not given to changes, and did not, or would not, realize what liberty she gave to mischievous or unruly girls.

It had been the dream of Hester Main's life to form one of that gay company ever since the day that Miss Sophia Underwood had taken her from the orphan asylum and brought her to live with her and enliven her declining days; but now that her dream was near realization, vague fears assailed her and made her tremble; for she had led a quiet, restrained life, with no gayety or outside excitement, and no companions but the old lady who had long ago forgotten that she had ever been a girl.

From the time of her tiny childhood when, in a checked apron and closely cropped head, she had trotted on errands, wiped dishes and polished silver, weeded flower beds and gathered vegetables, she had lived in a little world of her own, and it was largely peopled with the girls from Miss Peckham's school.

She had never had a 'store' doll; but many a crooked-necked squash from the garden had been decked out with old pieces of finery from the scrapbags which hung under the garret eaves, and named for the prettiest girls; and an old tenpin which she had found in a remote corner, and which was as dear to her heart as a French doll with a complete wardrobe would have been, was always dressed out in the choicest scraps and named for the reigning belle. Her name was changed frequently, of course; but that seemed to make no change in Hester's affections.

She was never so busy that she could not drop dishcloth or duster and run to the window to see them go by; and when she sat demure and prim by Miss Sophia's side in the hard, straight-backed pew and looked across the church at them over the top of her hymn book, it seemed to her lonely little heart that there was nothing more desirable than to be one of them. And now, after these long years of day dreaming, it was all coming true. She had gone to church with Miss Sophia for the last time; and this time she had sat alone in the stiff-backed pew, and Miss Sophia lay grim and silent in her coffin before the pulpit.

It had all been very sudden, and to Hester's tender heart very sad; for although Miss Sophia had been strict and stern she had never been unjust. Hester's body had been clothed and fed, it was only her affections which had been starved.

She was sure that Miss Sophia did not dislike her; but they had never been exactly in tune. She remembered well one day she had disturbed the stillness of the house by breaking into song and Miss Sophia had called from the next room: 'It seems to me I hear a discord.'

Hester never tried to sing again, and all the rest of her life she felt that between her and Miss Sophia there was that same discord.

But the remembrance of that dreadful morning when she awoke with the warm rays of the autumn sun falling over her face, and a guilty feeling that she had overslept made her leap quickly from her bed and hurry on her clothes, listening all of the while for some sound from below, and then the going down to the strangely silent house and throwing open the kitchen door to the sudden rush of outside sweetness, hurrying to light the fire and put on the kettle, and still no Miss Sophia, then, with a feeling of dread—for such a thing had never happened before—going softly to her door and tapping gently, but getting no answer, and then, going into that awful stillness and finding her lying cold and still, the thin hands folded on her breast, the stern lips closed forever.

Hester was too stunned for the first few days to give her own future a single thought; for the neighbors came in, in true country fashion, and took possession of the house, doing everything which needed to be done and rather ignoring her existence. They discussed calmly the probable disposition of Miss Sophia's property and opened her bureau drawers and examined her dainty piles of old-fashioned linen, all so carefully laid away with sprays of lavender blossoms and spikes of white clover between their folds.

Hester felt like resenting what seemed to her as like desecration and what she knew Miss Sophia would have considered such a liberty; but she could say nothing, for they needed garments for Miss Sophia's last arraying. But when they had laid her away in the old graveyard on the hill, by the graves of her father and mother and her brothers and sisters, herself, the last of her line, and had driven home again to what seemed to Hester a festal tea, she would not join them but went out on the doorstep, drawing Miss Sophia's little black shawl over her head and shoulders and cuddling the cat in her lonely arms.

She could hear their busy voices discussing the affairs of the last few days and smell the fragrance of their best old Oolong, which they only used on grand occasions, and the perfume of the preserved pineapple which she and Miss Sophia had done with so much care one hot June day. She remembered that day well, for it was the day of the Sunday-school picnic; she had wanted to go so much, and had washed and ironed her pink calico and turned the ribbon on her hat, hoping that Miss Sophia would send her; but there had been no such good fortune. It simply had not occurred to her, and Hester was too shy to suggest it; so she shut her pink frock out of sight, wiped a few furtive tears from her eyes, and pared and 'eyed' and preserved pineapples all of that bright June day.

She had never fully realized what a lonely little body she was until now as she sat alone, in the gathering darkness of the October night, and heard the clattering voices inside.

A little chill wind came through the treetops and made her shiver, there was a faint rustling in the dead leaves which made her draw her scant skirts tightly about her feet. She had never been nervous before; it must be the thought of Miss Sophia lying alone on the hillside which sent the little cold shivers up and down her spine. She felt that she ought to go into the house, and just as she had about made up her mind to creep quietly in and up the back stairs to bed, a man came through the picket gate, stopping a moment to release himself from the embrace of a straggling rosebush, and up the gravel walk, and said a few words to Hester which changed her whole life for her; for it was Mr. Morgan, the village lawyer, who had known Miss Sophia's intentions and drawn up her will. He led Hester into the room where the tea party was, and, bidding her sit down, he read from the long blue paper the words which made the whole world seem like a different place to her. They were few and simple.

She left to Hester unconditionally all that she possessed—her little house, her furniture, her slender stock of real silver, her china, the dear old china with the dragons, and butterflies which Hester had dusted with trembling hands twice a year, and now, her very own—and, what seemed to Hester's dazzled brain an immense fortune, twenty thousand dollars in Government bonds.

The only condition she made, and that was hardly a condition, was that she should be a member of Miss Peckham's school for three years, closing the house and putting no one in it; for, as she said, and Mr. Morgan read this slowly and emphatically:

'I know that I have not long to live, and no one will take care of my things like Hester, and I will have no one else noising them about.'

There was silence for a few moments, for Hester was too stunned to speak, and the others felt a little guilty. Then their good nature and true neighborly feelings overcame their surprise and they crowded around Hester and shook her hands and congratulated her.

Miss Penelope Briggs, the dressmaker, offered to stay a few days and help her close the house and make her black dresses. And after a little the others went away.

A less simple-minded girl than Hester might have thought that they treated her with more effusion than usual as they said good-night; but she was too overwhelmed to do more than answer them mechanically and to feel grateful to Miss Penelope.

Those were busy days that followed for Hester. Miss Peckham, who had heard all about the will, came to call upon her, and bid her welcome to her school. There was the house to put in perfect order, Miss Sophia's own clothes to look over and pack carefully away in the old red cedar chest, the silver to polish, for the last time for many days, and put in chamois bags and send to the bank.

But those things were all done at last; the final stitch taken in her own wardrobe, her trunk packed and dragged out on the porch, her good-bye to Miss Penelope said, and, she, herself, dressed in her simple black frock, was sitting on the porch waiting for the stage to come and take her and her belongings to Miss Peckham's school.

It all seemed like a dream. She had put her hand in her pocket and felt for the door key to make herself believe that it was really true, that all she was leaving was her very own, and that her sleeping and waking dream was to be realized.

She felt very nervous as the old stage rumbled up the hill and stopped before the door. Her hands and feet were like ice, her cheeks burned, and as she went into the house she stepped in the front breadth of her dress and very nearly entered the parlor on all fours.

She heard a giggle from the school-room, and some one said in a shrill whisper: 'How graceful.'

It was not a very auspicious beginning for poor Hester, and her heart sank when Miss Peckham took her upstairs to find that she was to sleep in a room with two other girls. There were three little cots, side by side, two chests of drawers which they were to share between them, and a closet and a washstand which they had in common. She had always had her own little room and was so used to solitude that she did not feel as if she could possibly get ready for bed and say her prayers before these two strange girls, who whispered to each other and looked at her with such unfriendly eyes. It had never occurred to her that they would do anything but receive her with open arms and treat her as kindly as she would have treated them; as it was, they preserved a stony silence toward her, only speaking once to tell her to keep her shoes on her own side of the room.

She felt very forlorn and friendless. As she began to undress with trembling fingers, she made herself think of a little black hen which strayed into their chicken yard once, all of the other fowls standing aloof with their heads on one side looking at it at first, and then falling upon it and pecking it until it was glad to escape and take refuge under the kitchen steps.

The hot tears came in her eyes and almost blinded her as she opened her little Bible and read the words:

'I was a stranger and ye took me in.'

She had heard them whisper, as she slipped on her plain little nightdress, trimmed with tatting: 'Latest style, Annie Jenness Miller;' and the other one answered, 'Mrs. Noah's, more likely.'

She was glad to creep into bed and hide her hot cheeks and wet eyes in her pillow. They seemed so cruel to her. She had never dreamed that well-bred girls could be so rude and unkind. She wished she was back in her old home; and she buried her face further in her pillow to stifle her sobs as she thought of her happy anticipations and bright hopes so cruelly shattered. But they were not such dreadful girls as she thought. They were disappointed because Miss Peckham had moved one of their own friends to make room for Hester, and resented it accordingly. As they could do nothing to Miss Peckham, they made up for it with Hester. They did not realize how contemptible it was. They only meant to make her so uncomfortable that she would ask to be put somewhere else.

So they began a series of persecutions which they would probably soon have dropped if they had not discovered how sensitive she was.

They would upset her daintily kept bureau drawers, hide her brush and comb, so that she would be late in the morning, and bring Miss Peckham's wrath down on her head, tie her long braids to the back of her chair when she was engrossed in her books, stretch their feet out suddenly as she was going by to recitation, and send her stumbling into class, making Miss Peckham rebuke her for clumsiness and threaten to mark her for disorder.

The strange part of it all was, that there seemed no one to take her part; but as school girls are very like a flock of sheep following a leader, and there was really no apparent reason why quiet, shy Hester should be popular, they all left her to the tender mercies of her roommates and went their own ways.

Gradually all of her illusions left her, and she began to see the small world of school as it really was. She bore it very well in the daytime, for she loved her books and made great progress; but at night she often longed for some one to talk to, if it were no one but old Tabby, the cat.

(To be Continued.)

'My Son,' said a father to his child, 'be polite to all, even to those who treat you rudely; always remember that you show courtesy to others, not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one.'

REV. A. F. SCHAUFFLER, D.D.,

MANAGER OF THE NEW YORK CITY MISSION.

A few days ago I was speaking with a friend, who remarked, as to Dr. A. F. Schauffler, the manager of the New York City Mission: 'It is no great credit to Dr. Schauffler that he is a good man and doing a great work. I do not see how any man who had such a father could be anything but a good and useful man.' The speaker forgot that great and good men sometimes have very inferior sons. Dr. William G. Schauffler (the father) was, however, a very remarkable man. His history reads like a romance. In his early youth his parents emigrated from Germany and settled at Odessa in Southern Russia. He received but little religious instruction at home, and was converted through the preaching of a devout Roman Catholic priest. His educational advantages were exceedingly limited; but he was a born linguist, and by earnest study and contact with foreign residents he acquired a knowledge not only of German and Russian, but also of French, Italian, and English. His intense earnestness and missionary zeal caused him to leave his home and prospects of worldly success, and made him a famous missionary. In 1825 the well-known Jewish missionary, Dr. Joseph Wolff, arrived at Odessa. His eager mind was always occupied with some new plan of work.

He proposed to form a travelling missionary institution, and invited Dr. Schauffler to accompany him. The plan was to go to Palestine, where Dr. Schauffler was to enter the monastery of Kasobeen, on Mount Lebanon, and study Arabic, Persian, and the Mohammedan controversy, while Dr. Wolff was engaged in his preaching. On the completion of his studies they were to go to Persia, Dr. Schauffler to labor among the Mohammedans and Dr. Wolff among the Jews. Dr. Schauffler soon became convinced that his friend's plan for preparing young men for missionary work must be abandoned.

After being together for six months Dr. Schauffler took ship at Smyrna for America, selling his gold watch and a few books in order to pay his passage. He arrived at Boston with just ten dollars, the proceeds of a Russian fur which he sold to a fellow-passenger. He took lodgings in a sailors' boarding-house, and immediately went in search of the missionary rooms of the American Board. His reception was cool and reserved, but courteous. He was informed that the American Board did not educate young men for missionary work. He informed the secretary he hoped he might find some Gospel minister, whose children he could instruct for his board, and at the same time have the use of the minister's library and study under his guidance. He received a letter of introduction to the professors of Andover Theological Seminary. Some of these gentlemen not unreasonably looked upon the young man as a visionary enthusiast or a religious vagabond. But the fact that this young Russian, dressed in an outlandish grey cloak and long boots, spoke five modern languages, was something in his favor. He was advised to remain at Andover until the Faculty of the seminary should decide his case. Dr. Schauffler found employment at a cabinet shop until his great ability was recognized, then he was engaged to work in the seminary library. He became a great linguist, and understood twenty-six languages. He was master of Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldee, Syriac, and Persian. His translation of the entire Bible into pure Turkish is a marvel of scholarship and patient industry. For more than forty years this great and good man labored among the Jews and Turks at Constantinople, passing to his well-earned rest January 26, 1883. His sons are all actively engaged in Christian work.

Dr. A. F. Schauffler, the subject of the present sketch, is the gifted and successful manager of the New York City Mission. Born at Constantinople on November 7, 1845, he grew up under missionary influence and at an early age became interested in the Lord's work. During the Crimean war he used to carry packages of New Testaments to the French camp near his home, which were distributed to the French soldiers, who gladly received them. He daily saw the English, French, and Turkish armies and navies coming and going, and these were always a source of great delight to his boyish heart, however much anxiety these scenes of war may have caused his parents. At the age of fourteen he was converted, and from that time always hoped to be a missionary. There were no good English schools in Constantinople at that time; he therefore received his education at a German school, except Latin, Greek, and mathematics, in which studies he received instruction from his father. There were good opportunities to learn foreign languages at Constantinople, and the young man became thoroughly versed in English, German, French, Greek, and Turkish. In 1863 he came to America and entered Williams' College, Massachusetts. During his college days he loved all manly sports, and had nothing of the ascetic about him. Yet he was intensely earnest and whole-souled. He was one of those students who elevated the standard of Christian life in the college by his ability, his perfect naturalness, and consistent piety.

After graduation, he returned to Constantinople, and spent one year in studying Hebrew, Greek, and Arabic. At that time he fully expected to be a foreign missionary. In 1868 he travelled four months in Europe, and then returned to America,

THE REV. A. F. SCHAUFFLER, D.D.

entering Andover Theological Seminary to prepare for the ministry. While in the seminary he became superintendent of a Sunday-school in Andover, and began that Sunday-school life which has formed so large a part of his subsequent activity, and in which he has become so remarkably successful. During these three years at Andover he labored incessantly, and when he left the seminary his health was not good. He therefore took charge of a small country church in Massachusetts, where he remained for one year.

All this time he had an understanding with the New York City Mission that as soon as he was physically able he would enter their work as a city missionary. This he was able to do in the fall of 1872. He first took charge of a chapel on the Bowery and worked almost exclusively among men of the rougher and lower classes. The Bowery has always been a favorite resort for thieves, gamblers, prostitutes, and adventurers of all kinds. In no other spot in America can so many homeless, wretched, and lost men and women be found. Here this gifted, earnest young man found a missionary field which is both home and foreign in its character, and one of the most difficult in the world. The result of the work in the Bowery mission is seen in the magnificent Broome Street Tabernacle.

After very successful work in the Bowery, Dr. Schauffler was placed in charge of Olivet church, one of the most important stations under the care of the City Mission. Here he labored steadily for fourteen years with remarkable success. Olivet Sunday-school has become famous all through America, and visitors from all parts of the world came to Olivet Sunday-school to study Dr. Schauffler's methods. Soon after he opened Bible classes for teachers. The most noted of these Bible classes is the one in the Broadway Tabernacle. For the past ten years the great church has been filled with teachers every Saturday afternoon. Dr. Schauffler is frequently called to lecture at Sunday-school conventions in all parts of America. His pen is constantly engaged in writing for the *Sunday-school Times*. He is also editor of the teachers' edition of Peloubet's series. In recognition of his valuable services as a 'teacher of teachers,' the University of the city of New York gave him a degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1884. In the same year he married a lady of wealth and influence. This has strengthened Dr. Schauffler's power for good. He is the same humble, earnest, loving Christian who came as a poor young man to work among the lost of our great city. He is never more at home and never appears to better advantage than when he is addressing the poor people in our City Mission churches.

In 1886 he was called to take charge of the affairs of the New York City Mission. In this capacity he also directs the work of about seventy theological students, who engage in various forms of mission work; to these young men he is an invaluable guide. He also gives regular instruction at the City Mission Home for Christian Workers, and is editor of the *New York City Mission Monthly*.

The influence of Dr. Schauffler has done much to elevate Christian work among the poor in our great American cities. The neglected and unchurched masses were formerly provided with obscure, ill-ventilated chapels, and third-rate men; a young man of intellectual power and great promise was never found working among the poor and degraded—he would probably have lost caste had he done so. When Dr. Schauffler's ability was recognized, and he refused repeated calls to fine churches with large salaries, he made the work of a city missionary honorable, and it is now no longer difficult to find the best men for City Mission churches. Through the influence of this wise, good, and gifted man a renewed interest and activity has been manifested in Christian work among the lost and lowest, and many are rescued from the gates of death who will never cease to thank God for the consecrated work of Dr. Schauffler.—*W. T. Elsing, in the Christian.*

SAY 'NO.'

BY HENRY THORNE, EVANGELIST.

We fight for the right
With a masterful foe:
And if we would win
We must learn to say 'No!

'Tis easily said
With the tithe of a breath;
Yet on it may hang
The great issue of death.

When tempted in bye-paths
Of evil to go,
'Tis best to reply with
A positive 'No!'

When evil approaches
To darken our way,
'No' lifts us a protest
And waves it away.

When in the saved soul
Satan seeks for a place,
This brave little 'No!'
Shuts the door in his face.

When Satan appears
As an angel of light,
'No,' always declines
To be gulled by the sight.

The guardian of goodness,
To evil a foe,
A friend of the soul is
That little word 'No!'

O Thou that wast tempted
While dwelling below,
Enable thy servants,
Like Thee, to say 'No!'

—*The Christian.*

CHRISTMAS CARDS FOR JAPAN.

A good thing to do with Christmas cards is to send them to the missionaries in Japan. How they are valued is shown by a letter from a teacher to a Sunday-school in Michigan, which says:—

'Some packages of cards reached us on Christmas Eve, just before we left home to go to the chapel. As we were in very much need of them you can imagine how quickly we tore off the wrappers and parcelled out the cards to the different classes. We had been watching for the coming of the American mail all the day, hoping it would reach us before evening, as we were almost certain it would bring us some cards, and we were not disappointed.

You, children, who have many beautiful pictures, cards, and a variety of pretty things to make your homes cheerful and pleasant, can scarcely imagine what pleasure you are giving to the children of this land, by sending your cards and picture-books—things of which their homes are pretty barren.

Some of the cards which arrived by earlier mails we had pasted into neat little books; these will be treasured in the homes of the fortunate possessers for many days, to be brought out for the entertainment of favored guests. The boys received the scrap-books, while each little girl had a bag, crocheted in bright-colored wools to carry her *bento bako* in (that is her lunch-box, or more often nest of boxes, holding rice in one compartment, fish in another, and vegetables in a third). As these boxes often contain *daikon* (a favorite vegetable of the people which has a strong, disagreeable odor), the foreign teacher is glad to make a law that *bentos* shall not be brought into the school-room, hence the necessity of having bags that the boxes may be hung up outside. This bag with one of the cards from America was sure to bring out smiles and dimples in each happy face.

To the young men of Mr. Thomson's class the simplest gift, accompanied by one of the beautiful "foreign" cards, was sure to be quite satisfactory.'

GET THEM TO CHURCH.

Let Sabbath-school superintendents and teachers do more to get the children under their care to attend the church services regularly. It is well to have them trained in the Sabbath-school, but this is no substitute for attendance upon the sanctuary. They must early love God's house, and be habituated to wait upon his preached Word and observe his sacred ordinances.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

A CRITICAL MOMENT.—*From a Painting by L. Knaus.*

AN OUTDOOR STUDY.

The pursuit of botany ought to be ranked as an out-door sport. While not possessing the attraction of a game in which skill wins, it is yet more nearly allied to hunting and fishing than to piano-playing or any in-door study. It furnishes an impulse to and interest in many a tramp by forest and stream. It has this in its favor too, that when one has made his 'bag,' or 'string,' no timid bird or helpless fish has been sacrificed, and no pain has been inflicted to give the botanist a holiday. His delight when he comes upon a rare find, a beautiful fern or orchid, is fully equal to that of the mad rider who wins 'the brush,' or the patient angler who takes the biggest fish.

I shall never forget the beautiful sight which rewarded a desperate climb up steep, pathless rocks, through a tangle of bushes, to where a broad level spot was covered with the prickly-pear cactus in full bloom. There they lay, the great yellow beauties, drinking in the sunlight—a scene I had supposed possible only on the Western prairies.

It surely is no mean ambition to wish to know the names of things we see. An intelligent writer on politico-economic subjects, who is fond of riding, said recently:

'It is a great drawback on my pleasure in the parks and in the country that I don't know the plants and flowers which I see.'

There are two ways of finding out such things. One is to ask some one who knows (not always easy), and the other is to analyze the flower, and 'trace' it in the manual one's self. The first method may be likened to the 'pony' style of translating a foreign language.

Independent investigation always wins its own reward; never more so than in the study of plants. Besides the joy of success, one who can always answer the question, 'What is it?' becomes quite an oracle among his friends, and gets credit for having taken more trouble than is actually the case. For (and this is one of the points I wish to emphasize) botany is the easiest of all the sciences, and can be engaged in without a teacher.

Is it not a sin and shame that country people, who live the year round among the lavishments of nature, are as a rule so indifferent to them? The farmer's wife knows that catnip is good for tea; but there is a curious little pimpernel growing in her garden which shuts its petals on the approach of bad weather, and which she has never seen. The farmer knows the wild-carrot for a useless weed, the corn-flower for a yellow daisy, but he does not know the trees of the road-side, much less the shrubs. One, a practical, shrewd man, told me that the dwarf sumac (*Rhus copallina*) was the poison sumac. For more than seventy years he had lived in northern New Jersey, and been afraid to touch this innocent bush. Two of the six species of sumac are to be ranked among the dangerous and criminal classes of plants, and should be studied in order to be avoided. Like other evils, they are seductive, especially in their gorgeous autumn dress; but the cloven hoof can be seen after reference to the manual. The poison dogwood, or elder, or sumac, as it is variously called, is a tall shrub growing in swamps. Its bark is grayish; its leaf stems are red.

The poison-ivy, a vine with three leaflets (often mistaken for the Virginia-creeper, which has five leaflets), frequent road sides, and cluster about fence posts and trunks of trees. Many farmers don't 'bother' with it, but let it grow, a constant menace to barefooted boys and ignorant pedestrians. The blossoms of these venomous species are axillary, that is, grow in the angle formed by the stem and branch. The berries are white. If you find a sumac with *terminal flowers* and *red berries*, it is as safe to handle as a buttercup.

The lover of curious things will be amply rewarded by a study of flowers. Under the microscope even common weeds become interesting, and a discovery of the habits of some plants is like a peep into wonderland.

Pluck the small round-leaved sundew (*Drosera rotundi folia*). The hairy and sticky leaves grow in a tuft at the base. Under the microscope the hairs are transformed into numberless bristles tipped with purple jewels. Small sorry insects are caught among these ruby glands, which close over them like tentacles, and entangle them and imprison them with purple threads. Inside the glands an extraordinary activity is aroused. A purple fluid, akin to the gastric juice of our stomachs, is digesting and assimilating the insect food. This innocent-looking plant, with its modest flower responding only to sunshine, is carnivorous, and thrives upon animal food.

Hardly less wonderful are the bladderworts which grow in the neighboring pond. The plants float upon the surface of the water by means of countless little bags full of air, joined to the sea-weed-like leaves. The ripe seed falls to the bottom, takes root, and grows there in soil. When the flowering time arrives, the bladders fill with air (who can tell how?), buoy the plant upwards, dragging it, roots and all, to the surface, in order that the flower may breathe air and sunshine.

While it is not claimed that botany, like Greek or mathematics, can produce mental brawn, yet it certainly does cultivate close observation, prolonged attention to minutiæ, a habit of comparison and deductive reasoning—all mental qualities worth possessing.—*Harper's Bazar.*

GEOGRAPHY IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Boston is a noble and famous city, but there are millions of people in the world who have never heard of it. Mr. N. H. Bishop, a boy of seventeen or eighteen years, was travelling across the pampas of South America in company with some natives of the Argentine Republic.

Having said, perhaps a little proudly, that he was from Boston, he afterward overheard this conversation between two of his fellow travellers:

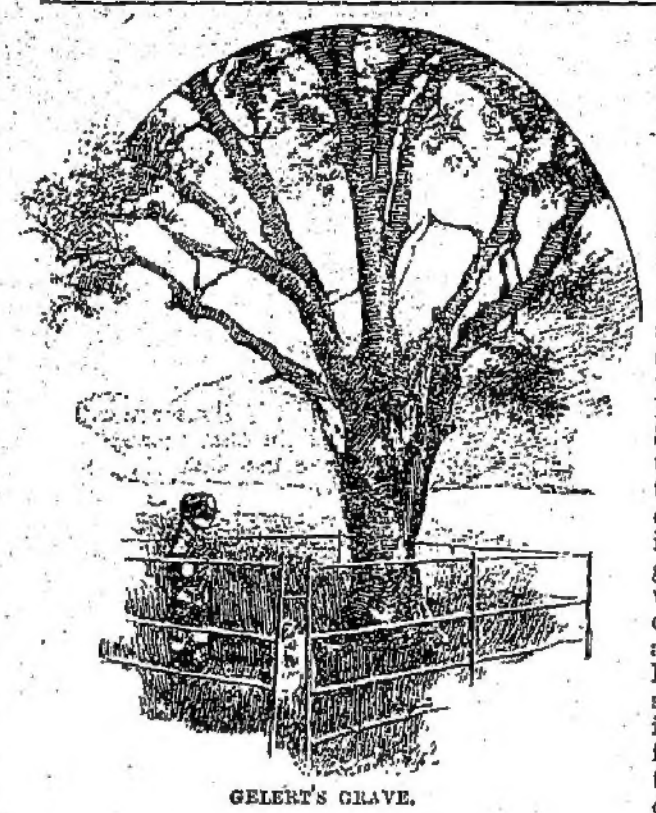
"Where is Bostron?" asked one.

"Bostron is in France, to be sure," replied the other.

"That cannot be. France is a great way off, and has not got any moon; and the gringo told me the other night that there is a moon in Bostron, and North America is in the same place."

"Fool!" exclaimed Number One. "North America is in England, the country where the gringoes live that tried to take Buenos Ayres."—*Youth's Companion.*

When You Make a mistake don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your mind and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power.—*Hugh White.*



GELERT'S GRAVE.

GELERT'S GRAVE.

(From Harper's Young People.)

Those boys and girls who know the ballad of Llewellyn and his dog Gelert may be glad to believe that the story told in this poem is founded on fact. In the very heart of Snowdonia, among the Welsh mountains, the little village of Bethgelert shows not only the grave of the faithful hound, but the stone cottage where Llewellyn lived. 'Gelert's grave,' indeed, is the meaning of Bethgelert, or, as the poet puts it:

'And till great Snowdon's locks grow old,
And cease the storms to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of Gelert's grave.'

Prince Llewellyn was a man of note in the time of King John of England. A leader among the Welsh princes, he occupied his Bethgelert house only in the hunting season. One year, while living there with his family, he returned from the chase to meet his hound Gelert running toward him with lips and fangs running blood. Reaching the house, and finding his child missing, and the child's cradle smeared with blood, he turned upon the dog and slew him. When he later discovered the child living and well, he saw that Gelert had really saved him from death by slaying a wolf that had stolen into the house. In remorse for his hasty deed, Llewellyn expressed his sorrow in the loudest terms, and ordered his servants to erect a monument over poor Gelert's grave:

'And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked,
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gelert's bones protect.'

I fear, however, that when the poet wrote these lines he had not visited Bethgelert. For Gelert's grave, although romantically situated, is decked with no costly sculpture. The gravestone itself is a slender upright rock, standing under a large spreading tree near the centre of a level field. Although undoubtedly placed in its present position by human hands, it is still in its rough state. No chisel has touched it. The grave is enclosed by an iron fence, and during the summer months hundreds of tourists on their way through Snowdonia make a point to visit it.

The village of Bethgelert is in a wide valley, through which run two little rivers, the Colwin and the Glaslyn. Near the middle of the village there is a bridge over the Colwyn, and near one end of the bridge stands Llewellyn's house. Like most Welsh cottages, built of stone, it looks so strong that one can readily believe it to be seven hundred years old. The roof, the windows, and the narrow stairway are probably modern. Ivy covers the front, and the rooms within are small and dark. One of these rooms is fitted up as a shop, and here photographs of the house and grave may be bought, as well as many other souvenirs of Wales.

Some learned people have no faith in the story of Gelert, believing the tale to have been invented to fit the name of the village. Yet as accurate history tells us that Prince Llewellyn had his hunting-cottage in this valley, the rest of the story is not hard to believe.

Bethgelert itself, with its rivers, its distant mountains, its straggling streets, and tiny stone houses, is one of the most charming places in Wales. It has several hotels, bright little shops, and an ancient church standing where stood an old priory of the time of Edward I. From Bethgelert one can climb Snowdon to its very top in three hours, and on every side there are pleasant walks and drives. During a whole month in Wales it was only at Bethgelert that I saw a woman wearing the national dress—checked gingham gown and apron, long scarlet cloak, and high pointed beaver hat. As she sat by the road-side selling dolls dressed in the same fashion, it is to be feared that she wore this quaint dress only to attract customers.

Although the Welsh people have given up their old dress, they will not give up their old language; the children, to be sure, are taught to read English at school, but as they hear nothing at home but Welsh, even when they understand English they can seldom speak it. At Bethgelert, therefore, as in other parts of North Wales, one hears constantly that strange harsh language.

So writes one of our bright contributors, and it is easy to understand that, after one has travelled to far Snowdon, and looked upon the grave which is shown him as that of the faithful dog Gelert, he finds it difficult to doubt the truth of the sad and beautiful story.

Do people raise monuments to imaginary beings and name places after myths? This is a hard question to answer. All English-speaking children have learned to love this story, and we all like to believe our pet stories to be true. And yet—well, there are some strange things about the story of Gelert. It has a long, far-reaching pedigree, which is very hard to account for in a true story.

Little Russian children have been told the same story of a certain Czar, and German children know it, or stories so nearly like it, that they amount to about the same thing.

One of the German versions is of a dog called Sultan, who, having discovered that his master intended to kill him, asked a wolf to advise him what to do. The wolf, pleased at being consulted, no doubt, proposed that he should himself try to steal one of the children, and that the dog should come and rescue the child, hoping that the master might be so grateful as to spare him. The plan was a success, and saved the dog's life. But this is not nearly so much like the Welsh story as some others which we find in other countries.

In an old book published by some monks about five hundred years ago we find this version of the tale: There was once a young knight called Follicus, who had an only son, whom he loved better than anything else in the world; but he had also two pets of which he was very fond, a greyhound and a falcon.

Now he happened one day to leave home, taking his wife and servants with him to a grand tournament. The little babe was left asleep in his cradle, with the greyhound and falcon on guard beside him. Probably bird and dog both went to sleep, for presently a great serpent, seeing that everything was quiet, crept into the room, and was about to devour the sleeping child, when the falcon made a noise, which attracted the dog, who, realizing the child's danger, made quick work of the snake. The rest of the story is exactly like the tragic story of Gelert.

The father coming in, and seeing the poor wounded dog beside the blood-stained cradle, plunges a sword into him. An examination of the cradle reveals the little one, smiling, unhurt, while the dead body of the serpent lying near explains the whole sad story.

This story of Follicus is found in several older books than the monk's book of stories—which, indeed, were all translations—and learned scholars have traced it through several tongues until as far back as the early part of the sixth century.

In an old Indian book of this date we find the following story: A mother, going out to the well for water, leaves her twin babies—who, by the way, are a boy and an ichneumon—and when she comes back she finds the ichneumon advancing to meet her, covered with blood. Supposing that he has killed his brother, she throws her water-jar at him, killing him instantly. On going in to the cradle, she finds the babe asleep, with a dead serpent beside him. The faithful ichneumon had loyally defended his brother's life and lost his own, as did the brave dog Gelert, through a misunderstanding of his deed.

The Chinese have a similar story, in which the hero is also an ichneumon. In Arabia a weasel, which is a little animal very much like the ichneumon, takes his place. In Persia a cat becomes the hero. And so the story goes.

In all these stories, excepting the one quoted from the German, which has a strong family resemblance in other respects, an animal or bird loses his life through a misunderstanding of some act of devotion.

And now, to come back to the story of Gelert, if it be true, we find that it has a host of fictitious relations.

However, the gravestone certainly stands in the little enclosure at Bethgelert, and is a very substantial argument on the other side of the question.

TOD'S HALF-DOLLAR.

Tod was curled in a heap on the back kitchen stairs, studying his spelling lesson.

He heard the washerwoman talking to Mary, the cook, but he was too absorbed to hear what they were saying. Gradually Bridget stopped her rubbing, and began to tell Mary how her little sick Nora had lost her one treasure, an old wooden doll, which had accidentally fallen from the window ledge into the cistern and was quite ruined

Nora's mother had a soft, Irish voice, and when she told how her little one grieved for her lost baby, while she herself could not get her another, having scarcely enough money to pay the rent, a surprised expression crept into Tod's round face. He had been listening several minutes without really intending it.

He closed his speller, and dropping his chin into his hands had a long, still talk with Toddy Benton.

The result was that he walked into mamma's room and asked, soberly, "Mamma, can I spend the fifty cents uncle gave me for anything I want?"

"Certainly, dear."

He slipped quietly behind the curtains in the bay-window and had another argument with Toddy, while mamma, who understood that some sort of a struggle was going on, watched him silently.

At length he remarked, "Well, mamma, I'm going to spend my silver piece right straight away," and crossing to the mantel he slipped the hoarded half-dollar into his pocket.

Then he trudged down town to the doll counter in a large store. The array of dollies confused him a little, but the kind-hearted shop-girl helped him select a blushing, blue-eyed baby with a mop of tight, flaxen curls, for which, after one last glance, Tod parted with his shining silver wheel.

He ran straight home and into the kitchen, where Bridget was pinning on her shawl.

"Here, Bridget," he said, "here's a doll for Nora. I heard what you said about hers, so I bought her this one all myself."

He grew suddenly shy, and ran upstairs to his own room.

Bridget kissed the doll and Tod's seal-skin cap which had fallen on the floor, and finally went home leaving fervent messages of thanks and blessing with Mary.

Mamma kissed Tod tenderly as she tucked him into bed that night.

"I am glad you bought Nora a doll, my boy," she said, smiling down at him. "Was it hard to give up the knife, Tod?"

"Awful hard, mamma," sighed Tod, wistfully. "I did want that white-handled one."

"But aren't you happier?"

"Yes, I am," he declared, thumping his pillow into a great dent, and nestling his head in it. "Yes, mamma."

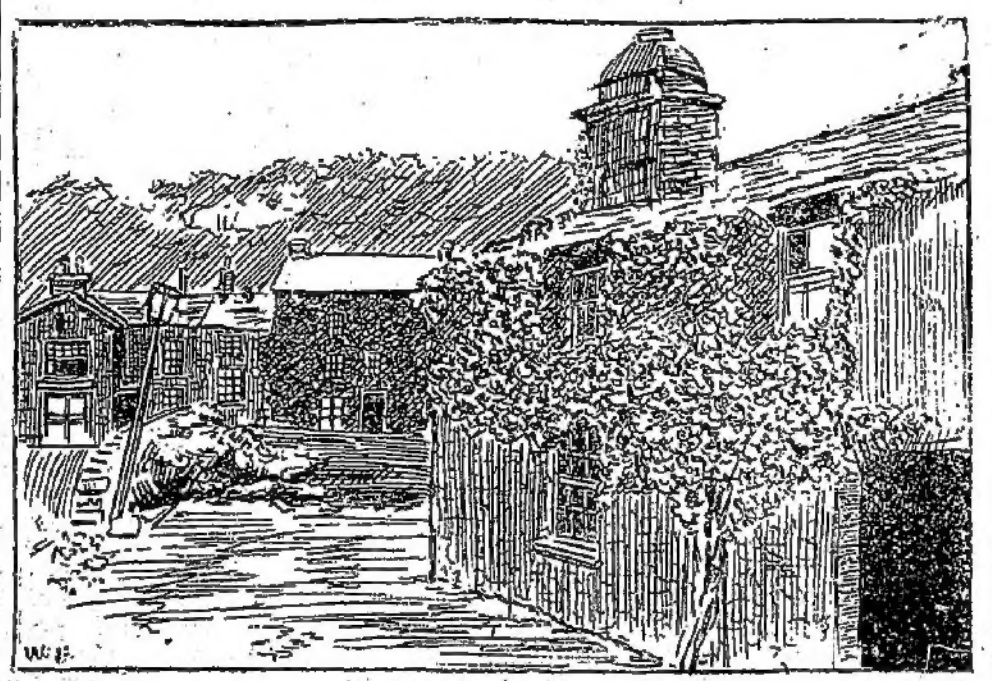
And ten minutes later he was having a beautiful dream.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE POOR LITTLE TOE.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

'I am all tired out,' said the mouth with a pout;
'I am all tired out with talk.'
'Just wait,' said the knee, 'till you're as lame as you can be,
And then have to walk—walk—walk.'
'My work,' said the hand, 'is the hardest in the land.'
'Nay, mine is harder yet,' said the brain.
'When you toil,' said the eye, 'as steadily as I,
Why, then you'll have reason to complain.'

Then a voice, faint and low, of the poor little toe
Spoke out in the dark with a wail:—
'It is seldom I complain, but you all will bear your pain
With more patience if you hearken to my tale.
I'm the youngest of five, and the others live and thrive,
They are cared for and considered and admired.
I am overlooked and snubbed, I am pushed and rubbed,
I am always sick and ailing, sore and tired,
'Yet I carry all the weight of the body, small and great,
But no one ever praises what I do.
I am always in the way, and 'tis I who have to pay
For the folly and the pride of all of you.'
Then the mouth, and the brain, and the hand said:—
'Tis plain,
Though troubled be our lives with woe,
The hardest lot of all does certainly befall
The poor little, humble little toe—
The rubbed little snubbed little toe.'



LLEWELLYN'S HOME.

LITTLE SUNSHINE'S HOME MISSION WORK.

The place did not look as though there could be much sunshine in it, at least there could not be much pouring in from the outside, for the home I am going to tell you about is on the fifth floor of a large tenement house on an inner court,—one of those little narrow streets opening off from another one—and from the appearance of things in general 'sun' and 'shine' were two words unknown to the many inhabitants of that little corner of our city.

But away up in the little room our Sunshine called home, had you gone there when we did, you would have felt as though you had just come out of night into day. To be sure you would have had to climb four long flights of stairs, but the charming welcome which you would receive at the top would make you forget all about how tired you were and the squallor and dirt below, for this little nest perched away up at the top of the house was far different from the rest, or at least it was one year ago, but now, through the influence of the dear little girl whom we went to see, many other homes are now cleaner and brighter.

After we had returned the polite welcome of our Little Sunshine, with her clean dress and apron, and while we recovered our breath after our long climb, we could not help our eyes wandering around the room, taking in its details of cleanliness and comfort. A row of plants stood in the open window, some of them in bloom, and their fragrance recalling open fields and country hedges. A white muslin curtain draped the window and was caught back with a, yes, it was a piece of cloth, but bright and pinked on both edges. The extreme neatness of the room with its four chairs, small table and shining stove; a bed lounge in the corner and against the wall a tiny cupboard, part full of shining dishes, all seemed to be but a part of the child and her sunny ways. She had been quietly standing at my side, and now, with the tact of a grown woman asked, 'Would you like a glass of water? It may rest you.' And without waiting for our reply, reached down a glass from the cupboard, and brought us a drink, which we gratefully received.

'My dear child, you do not live here all alone, do you?'

'Oh, no: but I keep house while mamma is away. You know she has to go away mornings early, so I do the work.'

'But do you remain here alone all day?' we persisted.

'Why, yes, ma'am; but I am busy all the time.'

'And never get lonesome, I suppose?'

'Oh, no, ma'am. I have so much to do I couldn't.'

'And pray, what do you do beside keeping this room so nice and clean?' we still questioned, for though she seemed such a child, her replies showed us she was capable of more than we knew.

'Why, don't you remember when you told us long ago in our class how much even a child might do to help others?'

Of course we remembered it, but little did we dream that we were then creating a home missionary; one who would convert the criminal, save the drunkard and help the poor, overburdened mothers to bear their loads more bravely; but now, as we gazed into her earnest eyes, flashing with thoughts of her work, we felt that no matter what she should tell us we would not be surprised. She did not tell us much, but we learned more from others.

We knew when she came into our class that she lived in this court, and we felt sure, from her conversation, she must have some refining influence near her; some one who had taught her well from babyhood, and when she told us her name was Sunshine, we knew some one must love her dearly.

'We want to hear all about your good work here, Sunshine, for we see you have been working. Have you a class to teach?

'Yes'm', she modestly answered, as though it was the most natural thing in the world, for a little girl of ten to be teaching a class of boys and girls, from whom many a grown person would have shrunk, wondering if any good could ever come out of so much filth. 'There were only two at first, but last Sunday there were fourteen; and, oh, teacher,' and the blue eyes danced with merriment, for she could evidently see the funny side as well as the serious, 'such a funny thing happened last Sunday. Jim Sikes, his father gets drunk every Saturday and comes home and beats Jim, and I guess that is what makes him so bad, why, Jim Sikes came up the stairs just as still as a mouse. I don't know whether he meant to come in or not; he has never been here yet. He just peeped in at the door and heard us singing,

'The Bible, the Bible, more precious than gold,

and he spoke right out loud and said, 'Huh, if yer going to sing 'bout old Jake Bible, I'm goin',' and he turned to run down stairs, when he stumbled and rolled down to the first landing. We all ran down and tried to coax him back, but he wouldn't come. I told him I would show him the Bible we were singing about; that it was a good book; but he said he had never heard of but one Bible, and that was old Jake Bible, who lives at the corner and sells whiskey to Jim's father and all the rest around here.

'I don't see, teacher,' and here the thoughtful look came over her face again, 'Why, when the Bible is such a good book, that such a bad man as Jake Bible, should have the same name. Do you?'

'No, dear, I cannot tell; but perhaps you may some day lead that very man to read his Bible and be more like his name.'

'I guess not,' she slowly answered, 'he's angry at me now. He swore and said if I did not stop my preaching to children, and getting them to coax their papas not to go to the saloon he would have to move out. You see, Renie Stokes, whose papa used to drink so bad, told me the other day, and she said her papa had not been to the saloon for over a week, and they had meat once a day now, and lots of good things to eat, and her mamma was getting well.'

The dear child did not tell us what we afterwards learned, that of the two tracts on temperance which we had given her, she had given Renie one, and told her to show it to her papa; and that when we talked with him he said 'Little Sunshine done it all. She is a wonderful, smart little gal.'

Just before we left her mother came in and we saw where Little Sunshine got her pretty manners.

'Mamma, this is my Sunday School teacher, and this is Mrs. Burton who came with her to see us.'

On her pretty little introduction we shook hands and sat down for a few minutes chat with the mother, wishing to learn more of Sunshine's home mission labors.

'My little girl's work?' she said in answer to our question. 'She does much of it while I am away ironing, but she has succeeded in getting in a few women and children evenings for a prayer meeting' 'And mamma prays so beautifully for them they cry and promise to be good,' broke in Little Sunshine, unable to restrain herself when she thought of those good times, and as we looked into her shining eyes, the tears came into our own. Her mamma only drew her little daughter closer within her arm, as she told of several women who had taken the pledge, and others who had begun to take heart amidst their painful surroundings, and were trying to make their homes brighter and cleaner. Of boys and girls who had been induced to go to night-schools, and little children whom Sunshine daily collected in her room and was teaching to read.

She told it all so modestly we felt as though she looked upon it simply as a part of her daily life and duty, and when she looked into her daughter's face and added, 'But you must know my little daughter is the moving power of it all,' we looked with admiration at their able co-partnership.

'Her papa was killed on the railroad, just before she was born;' she continued, and when she came, with eyes so much like his, and her sunny ways, I felt as though she were the only ray of light in my then dark life. Until she was five years old I was in a private family, but they moved away, and then sickness came, and this was the only place I could find within my means. This is high up, but when I came to see it, and looked from the window, it seemed the best I could get. You see there is a cemetery over there, and only two rows of houses between, so we have sunshine, and good wholesome air. I do fine ironing five days in the week, and when we once get up in our little nest, we are a very happy family,' she added with a smile.

'Do you not sometimes feel afraid to go in and out among these people? They seem so different from you?' we asked.

'Oh, no; never now. They all are very kind to us. I could go away now, and find a more cheerful place, but' and the tears came to her eyes, 'what would these poor people do? Go back to drink I fear. And Sunshine wants to stay too.'

Every Sunday finds Sunshine in her place in our class, drinking in words to carry home for her work, and we thus feel that we do not carry her alone on our hearts, but all those poor men and women and children whom she will meet and help through the week.

Our words, through this child, will touch and perhaps save hundreds, and as we look into her upturned face, realizing how she stands with one hand holding on ours and the other reaching out towards sinning, sinful ones, she seems not only our Little Sunshine, but another Christlike creation sent to save and bless this world of ours.—MAYBROOK.

TRUST HIM IN THE DARK.

BY REV. D. M. M'INTYRE, GLASGOW.

One morning, some years ago, a visitor came hurriedly into my room. 'I want it,' he said excitedly, as soon as he passed the threshold. 'My wife has it; others among my friends have it; I have not and I want it.'

Knowing him to be an alert, sagacious man of business, I was for a moment surprised at his eagerness, and then I thought I understood. 'What is it you want?' I asked. 'I want salvation,' he replied. 'Salvation is to be found in Christ; come to him.' 'I can't,' was his rejoinder, 'I can't; there's a granite wall in the way.' I remembered a similar expression in one of Mr. Haslam's books ('From Death into Life,' p. 225), and taking down the volume, I read the incident, then quoting the evangelist's words I said, "'what would you do if there was no wall; do that? You say that there is a granite wall in the way. If there were not, you would come to the Saviour. But he assures you that there is no barrier or separation. Will you not therefore come to him?' 'Let us pray,' he said. We knelt down by the same chair, and the burden of his prayer was, 'O for one ray of light!' When he ceased, I added, 'I think you are too anxious about light, perhaps the Saviour wishes you to trust him in the dark.' Presently he continued, 'There is a verse I wish you to read. It is in the beginning of the 12th chapter of Hebrews.' I turned to the place indicated, and read, "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith.'" 'Read it again,' he said. I did so. 'Again.' When I had read it, I think, five times, I asked him, 'What do you suppose is "the sin which doth so easily beset us;" is it unbelief?' 'No,' he replied, 'it's drink.' I then tried to tell him of Jesus the Saviour who delivers us from the tyranny of evil; but before I had said many words he stopped me as before. 'Let us pray.' This time his prayer was that of the distressed father at the foot of the Transfiguration Mount 'Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.' I then tried once more to point him to Christ. Nothing seemed to move him much until I said, 'The Gospel is just like this: I am a sinner; Christ died for sinners; I take Christ to be my Saviour; and I am saved.' 'Say that again,' he cried. I began—'I am a sinner.' 'I am a sinner,' he replied, his voice choking with emotion. 'Christ died for sinners.' 'Christ died for sinners,' was his quick response. 'I take Christ to be my Saviour.' There was silence for a moment, then he said, 'Will you begin again?' Again and again I repeated—'I am a sinner; Christ died for sinners.' He followed me in these words, but would add no more. At last, by a manifest effort of reliance, he said tremblingly, 'I take Christ to be my Saviour,' and then, more firmly, 'Yes, I take Christ to be my Saviour,' and without waiting for me to repeat the next clause he swiftly added, 'And I am saved.'

In a few minutes he turned to me and anxiously said, 'There is no light yet.' I told him that if he simply trusted in the redeeming love and power of the Lord Jesus light would surely come. Next morning he called on me. 'I am still trusting,' he said, 'but there is no light.' Two days after I saw him again. 'I am still trusting,' he told me, 'and though it is still dark, I think that light is breaking.' Next day he seized me and declared, his whole countenance radiant with joy, 'The light has come. It is all clear now.'

I think the light that shone upon my friend's life was the dayspring from on high, and I have told this story with the prayer that some other may be guided to Jesus by his experience.—*Word and Work.*

SEA VOICES.

BY WILLIAM HALE.

A silver mist stole out of the sea,
And whispered low "I am free, free, free!
O soul of man, be like me, like me!"

A sail in the distance, ghostly, dim
Dropping below the sea's clear rim,
Sighed, "Life is a spectre, weird and grim."

A brave mew poising on lustrous wing
Sang, "Life is a sumptuous, perfect thing;
Good cheer, good cheer! O sing, soul, sing!"

Then hoarsely chanted the wrinkled sea,
"O yearning soul, be like me, like me;
I symbolize eternity."

But my steadfast soul serenely cried,
"I am richer than ye, mist, sail, bird, tide;
Jehovah himself doth in me bide;

"The fulness of being is merged in me,
I am part and parcel of Deity,
I myself am eternity."

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